

Batteries Not Included

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Batteries Not Included

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Summary

*He looks at the plain brown box and feels his cheeks heat. The note attached to it is discrete enough, and he can't figure out whether or not Hannibal knows what's in the box that was delivered **incorrectly** to his Fire Station.*

*There are **thirty-eight** Fire Stations in all of Baltimore. Why the fuck did his package have to get misdelivered to Hannibal's?*

Notes

Day 17 of AU_Gust Prompts is: Firefighters

This was the fic that just never ended, which means there will be a CHAPTER TWOOOOOO! (Which will be nothing but smut haha) Have some Rival Firefighter Hannigram <3

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Chapter 1

Will is mortified. He wants to sink into the floor and then just keep going until he melts in the Earth's core and no one can ever look at him again.

He tosses the package onto the suspiciously sticky surface of his hotel room desk - it has three legs and one of them is wobbly - so he's stuck a folded up bit of cardboard under it to give the illusion of stability. At least *something* is stable in the room, because Will certainly isn't.

He looks at the plain brown box and feels his cheeks heat further. The note attached to it is discrete enough, and he can't figure out whether or not Hannibal *knows* what's in the box that was delivered incorrectly to his Fire Station.

There are *thirty-eight* Fire Stations in all of Baltimore. Why the *fuck* did his package have to get misdelivered to *Hannibal's*?

Will's been living in a hotel for three weeks already and still has several weeks left before his house is livable again. A broken water pipe in the middle of winter led to flooding, which led to more issues with pipes and also electrical. He was tempted to deal with it all himself until his father convinced him to let professionals handle it; hilarious coming from the man who had done all the fixing up of every house they'd lived in when Will had been younger. Beau Graham had never asked for a *professional*, but he was a good enough father to know Will was under water in more than just his home repairs.

Working seventy-hour weeks at the Firehouse was leaving him without much time for anything else, which is one of the reasons he'd decided to go shopping online for some *self love* items to help see him through the expanse of lonely nights he had laid out in his future. He didn't have the time to go out and meet people, let alone bring them back to his shitty motel for a fuck, even if he had actually found the concept appealing.

The dildo in the box wasn't a new experience. Will had never been able to come from sex, especially not from being penetrated, even though he loved the sensation of being stretched and full. He'd also never had a successful blowjob, and the only handies he was getting were on his own. He felt broken, which is why he'd turned to sex toys as a way to get off. Even the toys weren't always a for sure thing, and he only successfully orgasmed maybe eighty percent of the time.

Which made this all the more mortifying to know his package - which he had *clearly labeled* in the delivery details as delivery to his station - had been received by and handled by Hannibal goddamn *Lecter*, a rival firefighter from the closest station to his own. They had a little professional competitiveness going on, as was common amongst people in high-pressure jobs - no *true* ill-will, but it still stung that Hannibal might *know*.

The note Hannibal attached to the box had been simple, nothing more than a - *I believe this is yours. Enjoy your weekend* - but Will couldn't stop staring at the perfect, scrawling font of the words *enjoy your weekend*. He *must* know.

Tomorrow was the Baltimore City Fire Festival, a yearly gathering to raise money for the fire stations and to give the firefighters a chance to unwind and mingle. Hannibal would be there, and Will felt his stomach roil with anxiety at the notion of coming face to face with the man. In fact, the more he contemplates it, the more he's certain he's going to attempt to weasel himself out of the event.

Especially given that after having to ingest three fingers of whiskey just to open the damn package he can't bear the thought of attempting to use it. It takes fifteen minutes alone just to work up the nerve to shove the required batteries into their compartment, and then every time he tries to steel himself to turn the thing on he finds his stomach twisting and erection flagging. Especially after this mortifying inability to even *self-perform*, Will comes to the conclusion that it would certainly make the most sense to do everything in his power to avoid Hannibal Lecter.

He fails, of course, to take into account one Beverly Katz, who is having precisely none of his bullshit when he sees her at work the next day.

"This is meant to foster camaraderie between the houses, Will. You're going. As the Chief of this firehouse, I'm afraid I can't condone you bowing out."

Will scowls at his friend - the person he *thought* was his friend, at least - and points out, "You aren't the Fire Chief, Bev."

"*Acting* Chief, then," Bev corrects with an irritated wave of her hand, as though she's swatting away a pesky fly. "I'm the one Crawford appointed to be in charge while he's on vacation, so *you* will be deferring to *me* on this matter. *You're going*," Bev grinds out, low and firm, her entire countenance shifting to one of perky cheer when she tacks on, "Okay?"

Will's shoulders sink as he resigns himself to his fate. Perhaps, at least, he can busy himself with others enough for the evening to avoid Lecter entirely. There are, in all actuality, going to be an *obscene* amount of firefighters present. How difficult could it be to avoid *one* man?

Hannibal has made less than one turn through the venue of the Fire Festival before placing eyes on his goal. There were many reasons to attend the event, but his main concern is of one man in particular - one who seems to be taking every advantage possible of the bar, cash for all supportive patrons in attendance but *free* for the fighters that risk their lives to serve the city of Baltimore.

Will Graham, by Hannibal's count, has now downed *three* free tumblers of whiskey, and seems to be anxiously awaiting his fourth when Hannibal sidles up to the bar. "Wine, please, whatever red you have available" Hannibal murmurs, not blind to the way Will's body tenses up as soon as he realizes he's acquired an unwanted drinking companion. "Mr. Graham," Hannibal greets pleasantly, for he has no reason not to do so. "I hope the evening is finding you well."

"It's *fine*," Will grits out between clenched teeth, hardly passing Hannibal a glance and reaching eagerly for the fresh drink set before him.

Hannibal studies the man, eyes caressing the fresh blood that darkens his cheeks, the tips of his ears. He watches the way Will subtly twists his body so that his shoulder, tugged high up to his head, creates a barricade between the two of them; the way he tilts his head so his curls spill forward to curtain away what's left for Hannibal to observe.

Not looking for conversation, then. Well, Hannibal is nothing if not persistent.

"A package was misdelivered to the Twenty-Fourth the other day," he begins benignly, pleased when the announcement has the desired effect of stealing Will's attention, amused when the man seems to stiffen even *further*. "I trust it found its way into your hands?"

No doubt *other* places as well, if Hannibal's guess at its contents was anywhere near accurate.

"I got it," Will grits out, turning away once more as his cheeks flush red. Hannibal suspects it has less to do with the liquor he's imbibed than Will would care to admit.

"You know, Will, I understand you believe the two of us have nothing in common; I can even understand why you attempt to cling to the baffling notion that because we work in different houses, we can't be friends," Hannibal plucks up his glass of wine from the bar and slinks closer to Will, "But it's rather rude to not even offer a simple thanks to someone who's gone out of their way for you." He pauses as he moves to pass the grumpy man, a smirk twisting his lips as he dips his head closer to Will's ear to murmur, "And you might be surprised to find we have more common interests than you think. We both patronize the same website, for example."

Hannibal only allows himself to watch the flush spread down Will's throat and beneath his clothing for a few brief moments before he turns on his heel and walks away, to a more private edge of the field where the festival has been erected, fewer eyes and ears to overhear their conversation.

As he expected, Will follows him helplessly, stumbling only slightly. It's a pity, Hannibal considers, Will is beautiful and even more so with his eyes bright from whiskey and his cheeks flushed. But the plans he has for Will require a sober mind and willing body spread out beneath him, though there is nothing keeping him from planting the seeds in Will's mind of their compatibility.

"You can't just say shit like that and walk away, Lecter!" Will seethes under his breath when he gets close enough, teeth clenched and knuckles white from where he's grasping them too tightly at his sides. "How did you know?"

"I recognized the return address and the packaging from my own past purchases. So did you?"

"Did I what?" Will grits out, and Hannibal's smile only grows wider. The man is full of indignation, and Hannibal finds it even more fetching on him than the embarrassment.

"Have an enjoyable weekend?"

Will's flush deepens, and he huffs, looking anywhere but Hannibal's eyes. "You know you won't be able to make *me* a laughing stock without implicating yourself as well, right?"

Hannibal blinks, genuinely taken aback by Will's so terribly inaccurate deduction. "Rest assured, I have no intention of *outing* you, not that I think there's anything shameful about the matter. I'm simply trying to initiate friendly conversation, Will. Surely one or two have attempted it with you in the past?"

Will scoffs at that, folds his arms tightly across his chest, though he still refuses to meet Hannibal's gaze when he mutters, "I *know* what you're doing."

"And what am I doing?" Hannibal prods, keen to understand the logic of the other man that is tempest-tossed through misplaced anger.

"Trying to get under my skin," Will growls, finally relents to pin Hannibal with a withering glare. "It's not going to work."

He can't stop the small smile that curls his lips, can't stop the equal parts fondness and amusement seeping into his tone when he leans closer to the ornery man and murmurs, "I'm not reaching quite as deep as you suspect, darling. I'd be far happier settling for under your *clothes*."

Hannibal knows more than a little of the reputation surrounding Will Graham, and he's more than certain that the fierce, willful creature before him has *never* recoiled from the threat of flame as quickly as he does Hannibal's presence.

"Not interested," he grits out, voice flat and eyes steely with resignation.

Hannibal blinks at the blatant rejection, swallows it down like the bitter pill it is. But he can't help but notice how Will's body, when he's not actively controlling it, drifts subtly closer to Hannibal. Can't stop his own senses from catching the scent of Will's simmering arousal and inhaling it greedily.

"Without any intention of pressuring you, I must say I don't think that's entirely true, dear Will. Even now, with no intimate contact between us, your body is reacting to me. *For* me."

"It's not like I can't get *hard*," Will growls, his blue eyes burning cold with anger as he actively works to shift himself away from the man next to him. "I know how to be turned on. I'm just not interested in a duo act. I'm more than content with performing solo."

"Your reaction from my earlier question reflects otherwise, dear Will. You seem quite wound up for one who has so recently received such a shipment. Tell me, Will, did you even open the package? I suspect not; perhaps it was your first, an impulse purchase when your inhibitions were lowered. But it's a far cry from contemplation to completion, isn't it, Will? Perhaps you altered your course as such because you didn't believe there existed one who was interested. Then I must be clear and frank now, Will. I am *highly* interested."

"I can't get off from sex, okay!" The words leave Will in a jumbled gasp, and Hannibal raises a brow in question.

“Surely you’ve had a lover who was able to help you *get off*?”

"Not that it's any of your business, but no," Will snaps, eyes darting around them to search for any too close by who may hear his next words, "I've never had an orgasm from penetration that didn't come at my own hand."

"I'm terribly sorry to hear it," Hannibal replies sincerely. Manual stimulation can be pleasing, but there is a much more potent release of endorphins when release is found with a partner."

"Yeah, well, it's just too *much* for me. With a partner. It's too - I don't know -"

"Intimate?" Hannibal cuts in, pleased when his reluctant companion finally meets his eyes.

"Yeah."

"That's certainly understandable. You must be able to relax to find pleasure that way, and relaxation is conducive upon trust in your partner."

"How much can you really trust a dude when you've only known him for two hours of sweaty grinding in a near-black nightclub?"

Hannibal's lips twitch in amusement at that, though something far less innocent twists in his belly. He thinks it might be something akin to jealousy. "Someone you're more familiar with, then, perhaps. Someone who understands you and what you need. Perhaps...you'd permit *me* an attempt."

Hannibal is delighted by the flush that floods Will's cheeks *immediately*, unsurprised by the way the other man blinks and sputters, momentarily in shock. "*You?*" He chokes out at last. Hannibal doesn't miss the near-desperate glance he casts in the direction of the bar - no doubt longing to go back in time to ensure that he'd held tight to his latest beverage when he'd stormed after Hannibal.

"Me," he confirms unnecessarily. "I must say I'm surprised at your shock. I *did* just tell you I was highly interested."

Will blinks at him a few more times, and Hannibal is pleasantly surprised when the words that spill from his mouth are not an outright rejection.

"But I don't trust you."

Hannibal's lips twitch into the ghost of a self-assured grin. "You will," he assures the younger man. "Not tonight, of course," he tacks on before Will can respond. "Unfortunately I would judge you just beyond the level of consent that I would desire. But soon, perhaps."

Will merely stares at him silently, but Hannibal can scent the thickening arousal his proposal has churned within his companion. His tongue darts out to wet his lips, and Hannibal can't help but drop his eyes to focus upon the action, can't help but wonder what he might taste like, underneath cheap whiskey.

"I'll think about it."

“Please do. In the meantime,” Hannibal shifts his body to erase the scant space between them, relishing in the immense *heat* that rolls off of Will’s body when he gets close enough. He dips his head closer to Will’s ear, doesn’t try to stem the thick, seductive tones of his voice when he murmurs, “I highly encourage you to take full advantage of your recent purchase. I can’t be certain what model you’ve selected, of course, but I can speak from personal experience when I say that I have sampled *many* of the items from that company, and have yet to find myself disappointed.”

He turns away before his lips can curl into a smirk, which would *surely* be taken the wrong way, content in the knowledge that Will is still nodding mutely at his advice.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

Enjoy the second installment of this lovely duo! Will Hannibal be able to help Will get over his disappointing inability to come with a partner? We just don't know! <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Forgetting Hannibal Lecter existed was a lot fucking harder when he was on loan at Will's fire station due to a shortage. It became nearly impossible when Will's own traitorous mind started to fill in nameless, faceless fantasy lovers with Hannibal's smarmy, perfect cheekbones and curling, warm voice.

Which is how Will finds himself with a hand wrapped around his cock, writhing in the stiff hotel sheets while he tries out his new toy. It vibrates, the sensations pulsing against his prostate and making his thighs clench with pleasure. It's been a week since the festival, and several days of constant exposure to Hannibal and his stupid jokes and great hair and mysterious eyes. He hasn't brought up his... *offer*... a second time, but Will recalls it with painful clarity every time Lecter's gaze lingers upon him for just a little too long.

Will grinds down on the dildo, feels it slip against his sensitive inner walls, and imagines it's Hannibal's cock, thick and uncut and buried deep inside Will's pliant body. It's to the thought of Hannibal holding him down, making him take *more*, that Will spills across his lower abdomen, shuddering his release and immediately yanking the toy from his body and making his way to the shower.

Even washing off the remnants of his evening doesn't scrub the memories of his fantasy from his thoughts, nor the ache that throbs persistently within him as though he hadn't just found release.

Will nearly hangs up three times within the first three seconds of the phone ringing. He can't believe he caved, that he's calling *Hannibal Lecter* with the agenda of getting laid. Will doesn't *do* casual flings, finding it hard to focus on having a one night stand when he knows he won't come and will most likely just disappoint himself and his partner.

But Hannibal has plagued his thoughts for nearly two weeks now. And even though he's been returned to his own fire station, Will can't seem to shake images of him at night when he's alone.

"This is Hannibal Lecter." The smooth, curious voice filters through the phone line and Will nearly hangs up *again*. Who answers their phone with their full name like that? What a

pretentious - "Hello?" Hannibal interrupts Will's string of rude thoughts with another curious hum.

"Lecter." Will has no idea what to say suddenly, all his well-crafted introductions gone in a second.

"Will?"

"Yeah, uh, it's me." Will stutters, mind whirling with too many thoughts and not enough actions.

He's brought back to the present moment by Hannibal's voice, smooth as silk and twice as sinful. "Would you like to have dinner with me? I was just settling in for the evening."

Will feels like they're in overdrive, but he doesn't even have time to consider how he feels about any of this before his lips are parting and he's saying *yes*.

"Excellent. I'll text you my address. Seven o'clock?"

And just like that Will has a dinner invite to Hannibal's house, hardly any effort on his own part.

An hour later, he's managed to dress in a button-down shirt and the nicest pair of slacks he owns, which are actually just a dark wash pair of jeans, and hopes Hannibal doesn't notice. He attempts to wrangle his curls into some semblance of order, but by the time he's in his car they're back to disarray.

As he approaches Hannibal's house his feet feel like they're lined with lead, his heart in his throat. He still isn't fully certain he isn't having a very realistic dream fantasy again, half expects to wake up with wet underwear and a softening cock like he had a few nights prior. But then he's on Hannibal's stoop and knocking faintly enough that he almost hopes Hannibal doesn't hear so Will can chalk this all up to momentary insanity and forget it ever happened.

He's never claimed to be a lucky man, Hannibal opening the door in a red cashmere sweater and *actual* dress slacks, not a thread of denim in sight. His eyes are warm, welcoming, but as he takes in Will's slightly dressed up appearance they grow darker, curious. Will feels nearly flayed alive already under Hannibal's gaze, and he isn't even inside yet.

"Will, please come in. I'm just finishing up a few things." Will jumps at the sound of his name, cheeks flushing under such scrutiny. Following Hannibal through his exotic and ostentatious house feels far more intimate than anything Will has ever experienced, especially once they reach the beating heart of his home - the kitchen. Will watches as Hannibal practically dances around the space, elevating cooking into a performance art as Will sits and watches his graceful movements.

"Are those grits?" Will points at the bowl Hannibal is currently ladling food into, shocked.

“I made several customary southern cuisines tonight for the occasion. I wasn’t sure what you might prefer,” Hannibal’s lips pull down in a slight frown of contemplation, and Will’s heart clenches in his chest. Hannibal cooked *for him*. Not just a dinner they could share together, but specifically with Will in mind. “This evening we’ll be having polenta and shrimp with a gruyere cheese, savory saffron scones with gravy, and a side of balsamic roasted Brussels Sprouts.”

Will is speechless, a lump forming in his throat, and for a moment he fears he might actually *tear up* at the sentiment. “You didn’t have to do all that,” he forces the words past the intrusion in his throat, dismayed to find his voice sounds thick as Mississippi mud. “It’s too much.”

“I disagree,” Hannibal responds breezily, pausing in his plating of the dishes as he levels Will with an earnest gaze. “I’d have done much more, had I been afforded the time.”

Will’s embarrassed to find his cheeks flame hot at that, and for a moment he considers telling Lecter that he needn’t *try* so hard, that the reason Will was even here was, ultimately, to get laid, so it wasn’t as though he needed to be romanced beforehand.

But then Hannibal’s eyes return to the dishes before him, his strong jaw set with determination and his eyes somehow both sharp with focus and warm with pleasure and pride, and Will can’t seem to dredge up the desire to ruin the moment with his blunt and brutish sarcasm.

Instead, he allows Hannibal to guide him to the dining room, takes the proffered seat, and listens to the history of grits *and* polenta as Hannibal details the differences in origin and preparation. His earnest fascination with the subject makes Will’s chest swell as he rethinks his original classification of the man as snobbish and unrelatable, and the food is so delicious he starts to wonder if he’s always been too harsh when judging Hannibal Lecter.

He’s unsurprised when Hannibal leads him upstairs after a light dessert, though his stomach squirms uncomfortably in his gut when faced with the imminent prospect of attempting to be *intimate* with another person.

Hannibal’s eyes are warm and inviting, his touch gentle and his lips soft as he tilts Will’s chin up to capture his mouth in a kiss. Will’s nerves sing at every point of contact, the crawl of adrenaline and arousal slipping beneath his skin and making him tingle. Even as he opens his mouth wider, reciprocates Hannibal’s kiss, he wonders if he only feels that way because he’s spent the last two weeks idolizing the man before him in unrealistic fantasies as he jerked himself to completion. Perhaps actually *having sex* with Hannibal will be nothing at all like Will has built it up to be in his mind.

Or, perhaps, it will be *more*.

It’s with that thought, that *hope* that Will clings to desperately, that Will allows Hannibal’s hands to ghost over him, tugging away clothing as necessary until Will is bare to him. He

presses another tender kiss to Will's lips and then murmurs against them, instructing him to lay down on the bed.

Will does, though he immediately feels self-conscious and exposed beneath Hannibal's gaze as the other man kneels over him on the bed, still fully clothed. "Get undressed," he instructs, only embarrassed further when the demand comes out breathy and frantic, and Hannibal simply smiles calmly in turn.

"All in good time," he assures Will smoothly, his voice deep and rich, warm with amusement and fondness both. "First, I'd like to become familiar with *you*."

And Hannibal does, dragging his lips and fingers across nearly every inch of Will's body, pausing at various and sometimes odd locations to press a kiss to his thundering pulse, scrape a nail over one of his nipples. His tongue learns intimately the curve of Will's collarbone, and he's fairly certain he hears Hannibal inhale deeply when he buries his nose in the crook of Will's armpit.

By the time his mouth has trailed down to press a kiss just below Will's navel, his chest is heaving for breath, his limbs clenched tight with anticipation, his cock harder than he can ever recall it being and leaking copiously.

"Fuck, Hannibal, *please*," he grits out, his mortification at the plea overshadowed by his absolute *need* to feel Hannibal's mouth around him.

"I could bring you to release just like this," Hannibal murmurs, his breath spilling across Will's lower abdomen and his lips move mere millimeters away from his aching cock. "Take you in my mouth and drink you down until you find your pleasure."

Will gives a hiss and a groan as Hannibal's tongue darts out to swipe over his wet head.

"I *could*," Hannibal reiterates, glancing up at Will as a smirk twists his lips, "But that wasn't the goal, was it?" Will can't stop the pitiful whine that's pulled from his throat at the tease, knowing immediately his pleasure will not be so easily won. "You confided to me that you're unable to experience release during penetration," Hannibal reminds him, as if he *needs* reminding of that horrifically humiliating moment, "And I endeavored to help, offered my assistance for just such."

He dips his head lower, breath ghosting over Will's balls as his hands wrap beneath Will's thighs and urge them higher, *wider*. "Let's get to the main event, shall we?"

It's all the warning Will receives before Hannibal's tongue is lathing hot and broad over his dry hole, lapping at him insistently as though mere *persistence* will win out and allow him access to that which he seeks.

The sounds Hannibal makes as he licks into Will are rapturous, as though he's found ambrosia between Will's thighs rather than sweat and musk, and it makes something clench hotly in Will's stomach. It feels like worship, and is already far more intimate than anything he's ever done with another person.

Will can't help himself, his fingers find their way into Hannibal's hair and he holds tightly to him, not pushing him or moving him, simply holding on for dear life as Hannibal *consumes him*. They exist just like that for what feels like hours before Hannibal pulls away enough from Will's rim to press the pad of a dry finger to his spit-soaked entrance.

And unlike experiences in Will's past, where his muscles would tense as he grit his teeth and waited for his partner to inevitably give up, Will gives a broken moan and a breathless curse, scrambling for purchase to push his body into the touch.

"Oh, Jesus, fuck, Christ, *yes*," Will pleads incoherently, his body squirming to sink further down onto Hannibal's digit. "God, more, *please*."

He can't say exactly what it is that's different from any other encounter. While he's more familiar in general with Hannibal than a partner he might have found in a club, he still doesn't *really* know him. And though Hannibal had spent a considerable amount of time worshipping Will's body before getting to the *main event*, it wasn't as though he'd never before been with someone that understood the importance of foreplay.

"You look beautiful like this, Will. All flushed, pleasure-warmed skin and curls framing a cherubic face. Like a saint of old, Saint Sebastian while he was being pierced by arrows, both rapturous and pained."

"Hannibal -" Will starts, finds his throat clogged and his tongue thick in his mouth. He doesn't know what to say, how to respond. He feels like some sort of primordial god sat atop the pedestal of Hannibal's regard and affection, and it pulls a whine from his chest to spill past his lips. "Please."

"Please what, exactly? Would you like more of my fingers? Less? Would you like something altogether *other*?" Hannibal's smirk is animal, showing the bone-white of his teeth as he looks up Will's body from between his thighs. He licks the tip of Will's cock again, flicking the beading drops of pre-come into his mouth and swallowing them with an almost euphoric cast to his features, as though he's found the meaning of life in Will's body. He drags that warm, wet tongue down Will's shaft and laves at his balls for several seconds before dipping back down to lick around where his finger still penetrates Will.

When he pushes his finger in further, the pad of its tip brushing insistently against Will's prostate, Will grinds himself down again and *keens*. "Please get inside of me."

"I am inside of you, darling Will. Just like this." Hannibal teases, adding a second finger and spitting lewdly against Will's entrance as he does, the act so obscene that Will thinks for a brief, pained second that he might come just from the sight alone.

Will growls lowly, frustrated but so very aroused. "Put your fucking cock in me, Hannibal, or so help me god I'll get off this bed and *leave*."

Hannibal only grins wider, scissoring his fingers inside of Will and stealing his breath. He already feels *so close*, has never managed to feel so good so fast, but he's willing to eat his words if Hannibal can pull this off; and he has no doubts at this juncture that Hannibal can absolutely wring an orgasm from him. Perhaps even multiple orgasms.

There's a part of him that almost feels *ashamed* of this, that it's so easy for Hannibal when Will sometimes has trouble even with himself. He's not able to spiral into these thoughts for too long, luckily, because Hannibal distracts him by removing his fingers gently from Will as he places a kiss to his inner thigh. He shifts, settling between Will's thighs - spread as wide as they can be with embarrassing enthusiasm - and leans down to nuzzle against Will's throat, placing wet, hot kisses along the column of it as he works his way up to his ear.

"Tell me, Will," Hannibal murmurs, the moist heat of his breath spilling into Will's ear and making him shudder, arch up into the body above him. "Did you ever try out that toy?"

Will whimpers at the sound of a cap snapping open, the sensation moments later of Hannibal's slick cock rubbing teasingly over his hole.

"Yes," Will confirms breathlessly. It feels like it was ages ago, even now, though not even a month has passed since Hannibal had received Will's package on his behalf, passing it along with best wishes and an offer to experience something *more*.

"Were you successful with it?" Hannibal prods, his cheek dragging against Will's own tenderly.

Will squirms and whines, attempting to tilt his hips down to guide Hannibal inside him. "Yeah. It was good," he pants. "Please, Hannibal -"

"Did you think of me?" Hannibal asks, his lips brushing against Will's with the shape of every word.

Will's face and chest grow even hotter with embarrassed self-consciousness even as he firmly admits, "*Yes*."

Hannibal hums against his mouth, and Will can feel the shape of his smile against his lips. "Good boy," Hannibal murmurs against him, his hips pressing forward all at once to breach Will, to sink inside him as far as he can.

Will gives a shout and arches up into Hannibal's touch, his legs immediately lifting to wrap around the solid body between them; thighs clenched around hips, heels digging into the meaty swell of Hannibal's backside, urging him to stay close. He tips his

head back with his moan, opening his throat to Hannibal's tender kisses as he shifts, slow and deep inside him.

"Oh, fuck that's - *Hannibal*," Will's praise devolves to a humiliating *whine* as Hannibal shifts within him once more, his thick cock splitting him open and pressing insistently against Will's prostate as he grinds inside him.

Hannibal starts up a steady pace, keeping Will speared open on his cock and pinning him to the bed with his dark gaze, pupils like an oil spill against the whiskey-darkness of his irises. Will loses himself for several seconds, caught up in the bow of Hannibal's lips and the sharp line of his cheekbones. He really is an incredibly attractive man, and Will wonders how he never allowed himself to notice before out of some misplaced dislike of the other man.

“Will you come for me, sweet thing? Spill all over yourself so that I may see your pleasure brought forth? So that I may taste you?” Hannibal flashes him a crooked grin and something in Will’s chest clenches.

He nods, frantic, not sure he would be able to speak even if he tried. It seems that isn’t enough for Hannibal though, because he shifts inside of Will so that his cock is pushed firmly against Will’s prostate with each inward thrust, and Will whimpers, flushing in embarrassment at the broken sound.

Suddenly Hannibal is shifting them, scooping Will up as though he weighs nothing and settling so that Will is now straddling his legs, Hannibal’s cock never ceasing driving into him mercilessly. It doesn’t hurt, but it feels inescapable, and his orgasm feels closer than anticipated, hovering right on the edge of the precipice.

“Oh *fuck*, that’s -” Will whines, his head tipping back as the rest of his body obediently falls lax against the man beneath him.

“I know,” Hannibal tells him, lips brushing over his throat, mouthing up the sharp line of his jaw. “It’s okay, Will. Let go.”

Without warning, he’s spilling across his lower abdomen completely untouched, and Hannibal nearly snarls against his ear in approval and appreciation, arms wrapped solidly around Will’s waist and keeping him pressed tight to him.

“Don’t stop,” Will begs, his own arms snaking around Hannibal to keep him in place. He grinds his body down into Hannibal’s next thrust even though he feels sparks of oversensitivity rush up his spine, a cry of pleasure caught in his throat.

“I won’t,” Hannibal promises him, thrusting into Will with an increased sense of urgency. Every pummeling blow to Will’s prostate draws a broken, wounded sound from him, the pleasure such a sharp ache that it almost spills over into *too much*, and pain.

Hannibal is true to his word, the onslaught only growing in intensity as Will’s tired, pliant body parts for his cock over and over again, Will holding him tighter and trying desperately to clench his body around Hannibal’s shaft, relishing in the snarls of pleasure it yanks free from the usually stoic man.

Sooner than either of them would desire, Will feels Hannibal shove into him several more times before he stills, holding Will firmly on his cock. Will can feel him twitching inside of him and knows he’s found his own release within Will’s clenching body, and it makes his cock twitch feebly in an attempt to get hard again.

Will whines when Hannibal’s softening cock slips from his body, but Hannibal shushes him with several kisses to his bruised lips and slips two of his fingers back inside of Will’s slick body. “Don’t worry, darling, I have a surprise for you that will keep you full and content.”

The squelch of lube and come as Hannibal slides his fingers into Will with a slow rhythm is positively *obscene*, makes Will’s cheeks flush all over again as he bashfully buries his face

into the crook of Hannibal's neck. His entire body sings and his mind is hazy with his recent orgasm, his head full and floating as though it might disconnect entirely from his body.

He can't stop the discontented noise that squeaks from his throat as Hannibal shifts them, laying Will down onto his back and pulling away. Hannibal shushes him softly once more, pressing a swift kiss to his forehead before he pulls away completely and leaves the bed, trekking to some other part of his bedroom.

Will lays in hazy disbelief, his whole body thrumming with lingering pleasure from his orgasm. Possibly the best one of his life, and from penetration alone. From *Hannibal*. He threads his hands into his curls and gives a soft tug as he tamps down the manic, overjoyed laughter that threatens to bubble up from his chest. So many years feeling like a freak, like a *failure*, and all he needed was an hour with Hannibal fucking Lecter. Who knew.

He lets his eyes drift shut, floating on the fuzzy warmth of endorphins and serotonin, only mildly aware of the bedding dipping beside him when Hannibal returns. The other man urges Will's legs to spread farther - Will's lax body complies with no mental input from Will himself - and settles between them, his large, warm palms running up Will's thighs and stroking over his hips reverently.

"I'm not quite finished with you yet, dear," Hannibal murmurs against his inner thigh. He places a kiss there, allows his mouth to linger in the area so Will can feel his hot breath ghosting over his most sensitive parts. Will gives a half-hearted squirm and another sleepy whine at the sensation, until it's replaced with another, and he gives a wanton moan and spreads his legs farther still.

There's some sort of toy being pressed to his rim; Will doesn't even care what it is, merely wants it inside of him, feeling surprisingly empty without Hannibal's cock to fill him. It splits him open even wider than Hannibal did, eased in gently with the help of lube and the come that still slips from his hole. It doesn't invade him very far, just enough to brush teasingly close to his prostate before the toy's flared edge rests against his rim. A plug.

A click and a hum are the only warnings Will receives before the toy stirs to life inside him, buzzing away on a low but painfully extended vibration setting. He cries out and arches up, his stomach clenching with hot arousal as Hannibal shushes him, exerts pressure where his hands rest around Will's hips to pin them to the mattress. Will writhes and squirms as his already tender prostate is teased, not surprised in the least to find that when Hannibal's tongue dips down to run up the length of his shaft, it's rock hard.

He's never even managed *one* orgasm with a partner in over a decade of sexual partners, and yet it seems Hannibal is intent upon wringing *more* out of him. He would have considered it impossible before today, but his body is already reacting without any input from him, his tip leaking and his balls tensing at the renewed sensations.

"Perfect boy, I would have you in the throes of your pleasure eternally if I could. Caught in amber, a perfect specimen of euphoric rapture. You deserve to be *worshipped*, Will. Perhaps that is what your past lovers failed to realize." Hannibal's mouth is dragging up Will's body again, lingering in spaces Will would never have thought arousing, but Hannibal makes them so.

The space above his belly button, a freckle on his right flank, the flushed skin of his elbow. All of them erupt in bright sparks of pleasure at the gentlest caress of Hannibal's plush, kiss-swollen lips. It feels like sex, but elevated to something even *more*. Something so entirely other Will isn't sure he recognizes it. He's a creature of pure sensation, Hannibal has reduced him to that, a collection of pleasure centers all unlocked by Hannibal Lecter's careful worship.

Hannibal licks into the hollow of Will's throat, brushing crooked teeth along the thin skin of his Adam's apple, nipping and sucking as he makes his way finally to Will's lips. He swipes his tongue in behind Will's teeth, and Will tastes salt and iron and decadence.

And then the vibrations change, increase in their frequency and urgency, and Will feels as though his prostate is being *pounded*. His breath catches in his throat and Hannibal drinks down the sound, gluttonous in his desire to sample all Will has to offer him.

"You can come for me again, I know you can. You *want* to. Your body sings for me, Will. And it's the most glorious of sounds." Hannibal murmurs against Will's mouth and Will *whines*, incapable of holding back a single noise from this man. Hannibal deserves to hear what he's done to Will, what he's still doing.

"Hannibal -" Will begins, but Hannibal moves down his body again, this time with his tongue. He circles each nipple, licks a trail down Will's heaving stomach, following the line of the seed that Will spilled across himself, and dips his tongue into Will's belly button, pulling an aborted laugh from Will at the ticklish sensation.

And then those perfect, dizzying lips wrap around Will's leaning cockhead and give a harsh *suck*.

"*Fuck*," Will bucks up into Hannibal's mouth, and the man easily accommodates him, lets him slide into his throat. He's lost for several moments, before Hannibal comes up for air, a teasing smirk on his devilish mouth.

"I believe you also implied you have never found release through any means of sexual gratification with a partner. Not just penetration, am I correct?"

And yes, of course he is. The insufferable bastard has a perfect, crystalline memory. Will knows he just wants to hear him confirm it, wants to see and hear how everything he does brings Will to ruinous pleasure.

"You know I haven't," he accuses, and Hannibal's smirk only grows before he's dipping back down and taking Will entirely into his throat, sucking on his salted skin like it's the answer to the universe.

Hannibal looks up at him from his place between Will's legs, his hair messy and falling into his eyes in an all too appealing way. He looks younger, like this, vibrant and happy with his mouth full of Will. Will can't help but try to imagine him even more disheveled, pictures him as he might look covered in sweat and soot, panting as he emerges victoriously from a burning building. The image has the simultaneous result of filling Will with an irrational fear for the man's safety and the desire to set something on fire. And then Hannibal *presses*, the

plug inside of Will shifting just slightly where Hannibal has pushed against it with his palm, giving Will something to grind down on and wiping all other thought from Will's mind.

He's going to come, he's known he would since Hannibal first stuffed him full again with his fingers, not letting Will have more than a few seconds of reprieve before he was trying to glean another orgasm from him.

Will's stomach goes concave as he sucks in a desperate breath, the vibrations from the plug shimmering through his prostate and sparking across his veins, lighting him up from the inside out. He writhes, desperate and wanton, covered in sweat and come and wanting nothing more than to spill down Hannibal's flexing throat.

His fingers find their way to Hannibal's loose locks, and he's again taken by the disjointed image; the man is usually so well put together and coiffed, so to see him at his most basic, most human, it makes Will's toes curl and his stomach clench just as readily as the physical pleasure coursing through him. He loves seeing Hannibal like this, brought down to Earth as something far more human than the lofty deity people so often consider him to be.

And it's all for Will. All *because* of Will. That, more than anything else, is what sets off his second orgasm of the night, the pure and unadulterated knowledge that Hannibal Lecter considers him as something precious, beautiful, and deserving of worship.

Will's fingers tighten in Hannibal's sandy hair as he comes down his throat, and Hannibal's eyes close ever so briefly as though he's in rapture, like a benediction. He turns the plug off as he swallows one last time around Will's shaft, letting his tongue drag lazily along it to flick at the wet tip. Will can feel another spasm of his release slip out and drip down his head and Hannibal clears this as well with that dangerous tongue, and then he's sliding up Will's body and Will can feel not only the weight of him holding Will pinned down, but also his shocking arousal, renewed seemingly by watching Will fall apart for him.

Will reaches between their bodies to take Hannibal in his hand, barely manages a few quick strokes before Hannibal grunts, and is coming across his abdomen and collapsing his full weight on Will, smearing their combined fluids between them.

Hannibal shifts them so they are on their sides, Will cradled protectively against Hannibal's body with the other man's arms wrapped tightly around him. They lay in a comfortable silence for so long that Will thinks Hannibal may have fallen asleep, but then he feels the rumbling vibration of his voice against his chest and allows his eyes to open.

"Would you consider that a success, dear Will?" Will can feel Hannibal's grin against his skin, a kitten that's gotten both the canary *and* the cream, and he tightens his grip.

"I don't know. I think maybe we'll need to try again a few times before I can make a definitive assessment."

Hannibal hums, pulling Will ever closer and placing a kiss to the crown of his head. "I'm up for the challenge if you are, darling."

Will's shocked to find that, even with two recent, incredible orgasms, he might be up for quite a lot *more* very soon.

Chapter End Notes

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'Til next time!   BellaRai

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